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Value of the Agricultural Press and Farmers' Institutes.

The following contribution to Coleman's Rural World, is adapted to each and every agricultural section of the United States.

When a fellow has seen little but sick folks for two weeks he is not fit to write a very good article for publication, but I know that particular pigeon hole of mine in the editor's desk will get empty if I do not write.

Some one said to me recently, "The farmer is not very much in need of the advice that is so constantly being given him from the agricultural press and the rostrum," and I want to look at this matter a little. So far as my experience goes, "advice" is the last thing being urged upon the farmer by the two agencies mentioned, while they do work along the lines of instruction. It is not for me, or for this journal to point out a line of work for any farmer and urge and advise him to follow it, but it is entirely within our province to tell him of new methods, new at least to a majority of farmers, and show him how it might be of benefit to him to adopt them. If I instruct a man who is feeding forty dairy cows on timothy hay, corn and corn fodder how to make half as much more milk on clover hay, oats, bran and corn fodder, at less cost than with his present ration, it is not advice. The same may be said when I tell how I can make an increased yield of from eight to fifteen bushels of wheat per acre by the use of a dollar's worth of chemical manures per acre, and instruct my hearers how to apply the manures as I apply them. It is simply instruction along the lines of a strictly business proposition, and farm journals, farm press writers and speakers realizing this, leave it to the good sense of the people whether they adopt it or not.

Not long ago I mentioned a certain class of cavilers, hair splitters, chronic kickers and fault finders, and the man so very afraid of advice is usually in this class. When my friend Laughlin held up an ear of corn at one of our meetings and said: "If every stalk on an acre, planted 44x44 inches, two stalks to a hill, made such an ear as this, that acre would yield 144 bushels." Some one back in the audience cried out "impossible," and then Laughlin did the Missouri act of "showing him," and he did it to a finish, for a man would be foolish indeed to take the lecture stand and make a statement he was not fully prepared to prove.

I remember very well of once attending a second day's meeting after Buff Jersey, who had told how to build and fill a silo. A man came up to me and said, "That —fool who was here yesterday advised us to build a concern and put green corn in it when he knew it would all rot," and I have no doubt that the men on the second day's force following me have heard the same talk in regard to what I have said about commercial manure. In spite of such opinions held by uninformed people, the silo is a grand success, commercial manures are a grand success, and in fact all methods advocated by farm press and farmers' institutes are successful methods. Two years ago I heard it said that it would be impracticable and costly to test every ear of seed corn for use on twenty acres, but this year I met a plain farmer, who makes a full hand every day and who had made such a test of the seed for 40 acres; so "the world do move," and the institute helps to move it.

When I awarded the corn premiums at our county fair this year, a cousin right from the heart of the great corn region of Illinois was present. The first-prize white corn took his fancy, and today I had a letter from him asking me to get him two and a half bushels of this corn for seed. Now, two and a half bushels of seed corn will plant about eighteen acres of corn, and on the land this man has he can confidently expect fifty bushels per acre. He has never seen but that ten-ear sample of the variety he proposes to test at wholesale, and I am going to write him that while I can get him the seed it might be best to test the variety on only one or two acres. Now, here is "advice"—advice not to run the risk of a failure, or at least a decreased yield, by changing seed 350 miles, and most of the advice I give in my farm paper and lecture work is of the same negative character. The other day I met a man at Fairplay, Mo. who had grown about 200 pounds of fairly good tobacco, and was selling it like "hot cakes" at 15 cents per pound. He was enthusiastic over tobacco growing, talked of planting several acres, etc., and wanted instructions, but here the advice was mixed with the instruction, viz: "Be sure of your market before you put several hundred dollars into labor and barn room, for a crop of tobacco in a non-tobacco growing section."

Some men are absolutely failures anywhere and at any thing, and these fellows always do more or less damage to the section in which they live. I once met one of these in the middle south, on a 100-acre farm where he could not make a living for a family of three, while other men about him were steadily laying up money. He moved to Indiana, saying the middle south was not fit to live in. I next found him in Missouri condemning Indiana, and now I hear that he says his section of Missouri is all rock, which I know to be an absolute untruth, as he lives in one of the best sections of the state, where the rock is absolutely no hindrance to cultivation, and where farmers are prosperous, with buildings better than the average in any state, and farm lands from $35 to $90 per acre. He will soon "move on," but the evil that he has done, and is still doing, will move on with him, and he will keep it up as long as he has breath in his body.

Alcohol Instead of Gasoline.

The following from the Inland Farmer is a matter of interest to every farmer who uses, or expects to use, a small engine to furnish power on his place:

It has been rumored for some time that it would be only a matter of time when every farmer, or nearly every one, will be able to manufacture his own light, heat and motive power from the things which are now largely wasted

Prof. Elihu Thompson, a well-known scientist, writes: "There are some facts which are not generally known which ought to be, namely: That alcohol is produced and sold in Cuba for from 12 to 15 cents per gallon, and that it is an excellent fuel, as I have found by tests, for the running of gas engines—taking the place of gasoline. At 15 or 20 cents a gallon, I think it would eventually displace gasoline. Burned in similar engines it produces no smoke, soot nor disagreeable odor.

Since alcohol mixes with water freely, a fire started with it is one of the easiest to extinguish. This is not the case with gasoline or even kerosene, both of which float on water and continue burning. To my mind, the farmer should be the most deeply interested in the production and use of alcohol for industrial purposes, especially in its use for farm power.

A crop that is not marketable, or partly spoiled, be it a fruit, grain or other product, could be made the source of cheap alcohol for industrial purposes. Alcohol can be stored in tanks for an indefinite period without deterioration. Whether denaturrized or not, as I have stated above, at a reasonable price it is the natural fuel for all gas engines, as the amount which can be produced is practically unlimited, whereas with the increasing use of gasoline the price is sure to rise."

Making Cheese.

Cheese making is a branch of dairying that has never been developed in this state. We do not see why it could not be done. It would not be easy to keep the milk over night in warm weather, without some means of cooling it. But through the fall and winter there would be no difficulty in making good cheese in Florida. We believe that it might become a profitable industry. The following, from the Oklahoma Farmer, tells how one family, at the North, has succeeded with a small home cheese factory.

Nothing succeeds like success. We condemn things because they do not come to our standard, but it is not always right. I was recently at the home of George H. Clements, Winterport, Me., a very successful farmer. He milks twenty cows and sells some hay. The milk is made into cheese, which is sold in Bangor. In our cheese market they would not bring more than three-quarter value, but he gets 13 cents a pound and upward for them. They are open, soft and not of the finest flavor, according to New York taste, but they sell. The work is all done by the family. The night's milk is kept cool by water, and in the morning both messes are turned into a tin vat large enough to hold the milk. They have different sizes. This is set upon a table just the height of the kitchen stove. When the milk is in, the vat is quickly placed on the stove and warmed. The rennet is added and the vat is again pushed off onto that table. After the curd is cut and broken up it goes again to the stove for the final heating, then back again to the table, where it stands until ready to take off the whey.

The curd is worked in this same vat salted and pressed in a single screw press standing in an out of the way place. The next morning the cheese is taken to a room above the kitchen, which, without expense, furnishes heat in the cool weather—too much in the summer, but no one objects. The cheeses are not boxed but are delivered in almost any fashion. The family do all the work and no one in particular makes the cheese. The whole thing, as viewed from an up-to-date cheese business, has not a thing to commend it in quality of system, and yet he gets a very large price indeed, wthout much expense.

I suppose there may be hundreds of people remote from cheese-making sections who could do likewise and profit thereby.

Has Your Farm a Well-kept Appearance?

Whether you are aware of the fact or not, the appearance of a place affects its market value. A correspondent of the Progressive Farmer asks the question, which is at the head of this article, and then gives his opinion on the subject as follows:

A few days since, I was riding along the road and came to a farm I well knew, but it did not look natural. As I knew it, the roadside was bordered by a tumble down fence covered over with briars and sprouts until the whole had become a veritable thicket some fifteen or eighteen feet wide. Said I, to myself: "This farm has changed hands," for its appearance was strikingly changed, and the contrast was quite pleasing. Now you may not know it, gentle reader, but it is a fact that I always admire the beautiful, and when I saw that old fence hd been removed and the briars